

Two's a Company, Three's a Mistake

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/27037750) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/27037750>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Sapnap is Ace , Parody Porn , Parody Smut , Dirty Talk , Phone Sex , Skype , Accidental Voyeurism , This is cringe on purpose , Dream and George are THAT couple
Language:	English
Collections:	you've read this fucker :]
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-16 Words: 2133

Two's a Company, Three's a Mistake

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Not many things made sense to him, but there were three things on earth that Sapnap was absolutely, positively, endlessly sure of.

One, he loved his friends.

Two, he didn't mind third-wheeling to his friend's weird but pleasant on-again off-again relationship.

Three, he thought that phone sex and Skype sex was fucking embarrassing.

And he was ready to throw his computer into the dumpster when he suddenly realized that all three things were going to converge.

Notes

This was a joke between me and my friend and now it's a reality. They read it while drunk and thought it was hilarious so I hope you do too!

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“The call must have dropped.” Dream said. “Damn.” There was rapid typing in the general chat before Sapnap heard the ping of a message.

Dude. Still here????

Another message pinged a moment later.

You good???

Sapnap typed up a quick response.

i’m here, it says i’m still in the call from my end

He groaned in frustration when his message refused to send. He tried to exit out of Discord completely, or at least restart his computer, but the whole monitor was frozen. But nothing. There was nothing.

The call hadn’t dropped, per se. On Sapnap’s side, he was still on the call. He could hear everything. But something must have happened - some weird glitch caused by stupid Texas weather. He clicked around again, and again. But nothing reacted. He was stuck.

“Well. He might have gone to bed.” George said.

“No, his wifi just went out or something. He said it was storming, remember?” The noise of Dream rolling around in his chair fed into his mic before he sighed. “Well, recording is cancelled then. We can try again later.” He clicked around, turning off his recording apps and closing out of his various things. “I’m good to fuck around a bit if you are though.”

Sapnap jumped up when the lights in his room flickered. It must really be the storm then. There was nothing he could do.

“Yeah, I wasn’t planning on going to bed any time soon.” George said. “I kind of want to work on our base in the SMP.”

“Sounds solid to me.”

They clicked around as Sapnap rolled back in his seat and tapped his armrests. His computer had not been the most cooperative lately. The storm didn’t help but this just felt like the final straw on a pile of electronic problems he had been living for the past few weeks. He needed to get it looked at by someone who was more affluent and who had more solutions other than ‘punch it’. As the voices of his friends setting up their new game played, he tried to leave the call one last time by pulling out his headphones. But it just played out loud in his room.

He sighed. Could be worse. He could be down to listen to his friends while he ate a bit and waited for technology to be on his side again. It’s like a private stream. That could be fun.

Sapnap got up and smoothed his sweatshirt. He left his room and beelined it to the kitchen, ready to make himself the late night snack of champions – pizza rolls. George and Dream might be all over each other, but Sapnap had his wits, his good looks and his pizza rolls. And that’s all he needed on nights like tonight.

As he walked back, though, his positive thoughts and good vibes were interrupted by the disgusting tone of Dream’s voice when he reentered into his room.

“Dude...I’m not kidding.”

“Are you serious? Right now?” George responded.

“Dead serious.” Dream sounded a bit too invested. More invested than he usually was in anything.

“But right now?”

“It’s been so long, George.” Dream whined. “Just entertain me.”

“If you want entertainment...” George trailed off and giggled. “I can give you entertainment. If you behave.”

Sapnap’s stomach dropped. He stopped dead in his tracks, his pizza rolls shifting around on his paper plate.

No.

Oh, no.

He walked over to his desk slowly, each step weighted. “Please tell me I’m not hearing this.” He muttered.

“Behave?” Dream said. “Oh, come on. You can’t do that to me.”

Sapnap shook his head. “Oh, god, I’m hearing this.”

Not many things made sense to him, but there were three things on earth that Sapnap was absolutely, positively, endlessly sure of.

One, he loved his friends.

Two, he didn’t mind third-wheeling to his friend’s weird but pleasant on-again off-again relationship.

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And he was ready to throw his computer into the dumpster when he suddenly realized that all three things were going to converge.

He didn’t understand how something like this could be something that someone thought to do – especially over Discord. Is this what people did nowadays? Whatever happened to a good old Skype dinner date? One person makes their food, the other makes theirs, and they video call while eating. What’s wrong with that? That’s romantic. That’s lovely.

Why do you have to whip out your dick with Minecraft in the background?

He sat in his seat and desperately tried to close out of anything. But his PC was still completely frozen. Nothing was working. For a moment, he considered unplugging his computer completely. He was rendering a video, though - and if he lost that progress, he would absolutely lose his mind.

In a stroke of genius, he scrambled for his phone. But the universe didn’t want him to have a win today.

“Turn off your phone.” George said. “If we’re doing this, I want your full attention.”

“On it.” He said. “What about you?”

“Mine’s in the living room, babe, you don’t have to worry about a thing.”

“God dammit.” Sapnap put his head in his hands and slid his phone across his desk. His text was trapped in the void, waiting for Dream’s phone to come back to life after he beat his meat with his boyfriend. “What is my life?” He groaned.

“Are you ready for this?” Dream’s voice was low, and it caught Sapnap off guard. He sat up suddenly.

“Always.” George responded, his voice more of a whine than Sapnap was used to.

All in all, Sapnap was confused. And a bit shocked. And he didn’t really know what to do. In theory, he had a lot of options. But it was a situation with a lot of pressure. And he didn’t do too well with pressure. When it came to fight or flight, he was more of a ‘make them laugh’ person. And with all the obvious options depleted, he only knew one thing to do.

He strapped in and started to eat his pizza rolls.

“What are you doing right now?” Dream asked.

“Let me guess.” Sapnap said. “Nothing.”

“Nothing.” George said.

“Knew it.” He popped a pizza roll into his mouth.

“Then start doing something. I’m going to do something right now. Something really big.”

George giggled and Sapnap gagged.

“How big?” George asked.

“I don’t want to know how big.” Sapnap shook his head.

“Very, very big.”

Sapnap gagged again.

“Very big.” Dream continued. “And thick.”

Sapnap actually laughed at that one. “Note to self – make fun of Dream for overcompensating later.”

“I’m touching myself over my jeans for you.” Dream said. There were noises to prove it. And Sapnap didn’t vibe with that.

“Really?” George whimpered.

Dream chuckled. “Really.”

“Same.” George let out a quiet moan. “Dream...I wish I was there. I wish I was on the floor between your legs - ”

“Oh, fuck...”

“I’m taking off my joggers now, Dream, I’m only in my sweater.”

Dream nearly growled. “Fuck, Clay. Call me Clay. Say it- “

“Clay!”

“Fuck yes, baby!” The sound of rustling got louder. “I’m taking off my pants for you. I want you to take off your sweater for me.”

“Is narration sexy?” Sapnap raised an eyebrow. “This just sounds like narration.”

“I’m taking it off. I’m touching my chest just the way you like to, Clay.”

“This is literally just narration.” He leaned back in his chair and rolled his eyes. “Are you serious right now?” He ate another pizza roll. “Glad to know I’m not missing out on a damn thing. Being single is so much more fun than this shit. Narration. Fuck that.”

“Are you naked, baby?” Dream asked.

Sapnap’s eyes widened. “Oh, god, are you naked, George?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh, god!” Sapnap shouted. “I can’t even see and I’m blinded by the fucking paleness.”

“You’re naked?” Dream sounded like he was in awe.

“Why do you sound shocked?” Sapnap cried. “You asked for this!”

“Yes, Clay. Just for you.”

Sapnap pouted as he ate his last pizza roll. “And me.”

“Are you going to fuck yourself for me, baby?”

“Yes, kitten!”

“Kitten?!” If Sapnap wasn’t already on the verge of self-destruction, he was now.

“Fuck, give me a second.” There was a slam of Dream putting down his headphones before a matching slam from George. There was lots of shuffling and noise, and Sapnap took the opportunity to chug his third Gatorade of the night. He needed all the nutrients he could get to survive this. This was worse than any war.

When both of Sapnap’s friends had returned to their headsets, they were already moaning and lewd, slick sounds were echoing into the mics.

Sapnap tried one more time to shut down his computer. But it just didn’t work.

He tried to send another Discord message.

guys uh maybe don’t fuck each other while I wait for my computer to bounce back.

But it was too late.

They were totally going to fuck each other while he waited for his computer to bounce back.

y'all are making me grateful that i don't like sex

"I can't wait." Dream said. "Come on, tell me what you're doing. Tell me everything while I touch myself just for you, George."

George let out a gasp. "Oh, fuck. I'm about to put two fingers in. I don't want to be patient. I just want to be full."

"Yeah, you do." Dream paused to let out a loud groan. "Be full for your kitten, George!"

"Fuck, yes, Clay!"

"I want to die." Sapnap shook his head. "I want to walk into traffic." He started tapping on his mouse. And then tapping turned to slamming his fist on his keyboard. "This isn't fun anymore! I don't really want to hear George fuck his ass!"

"Fuck, maybe two isn't enough. Three won't be enough. God, I just need your cock, Clay!"

"What a twink." Sapnap grumbled as he fought the urge to punch his laptop. Instead of punching it, he shook it right as a loud moan echoed from his speakers.

Much to his shock, the entire call went quiet except for the ping of his Discord messages finally sending.

And his mouse could move again.

And his computer wasn't frozen anymore.

There was a loud crash as George's desk chair fell over. He landed on his carpet with a yelp.

Sapnap chuckled despite himself. "Here we go..."

"Dream..." George's voice was panicked. "Did you see those messages pop up –"

"Sapnap?" There was the noise of rolling chairs and quick scrambling at a keyboard. Dream was clicking around. "Sapnap, are you still in the fucking call?" His voice was raising in pitch and volume as the panic was setting in.

"Yes!" Sapnap cried. "I am!"

There was the abrupt noise of someone joining a voice call, which spurred George to let out an embarrassed cry and Dream to start cussing rapidly. "Oh, fuck, you heard that. You heard all of that. You were still in the call –"

Something about the way Dream was panicking made Sapnap start to lose his mind with laughter. He wanted to say something, anything, but instead he only laughed. He laughed *loud*. And he didn't stop for a while, not even while Dream was yelling and George was whining. He just kept losing his absolute mind.

"What the *fuck*, dude?!" Dream cried. "Are you kidding me?!"

"Sapnap, I..." George tried to speak but his words kept trailing off into quiet hyperventilated breathing.

Dream left the call after one final yell, leaving George and Sapnap awkwardly sitting there and looking at each other's icons as he went to throw his temper tantrum alone.

“You sound like a teenage girl, by the way.” Sapnap smirked.

“Sapnap!”

“What? It’s true!”

George cleared his throat. “I, um...I would appreciate it if we never talked about this again.”

“Oh, we’ll never talk about it. But I’ll joke about it until the day I die. And after. Long after. Ouija me back after I go and I’ll make sure I talk about how Dream likes to be called kitten.”

“That’s a private thing!” He cried. Sapnap could imagine exactly how pink his cheeks were.

“It was private until you fucked your ass in the groupchat.”

“Sapnap!” George cried. “Shut up!”

“Okay, okay. I’ll stop. But you guys owe me.” He spun around in his chair in a little victory dance before scooted back to his desk.

George sighed. “I’m very aware.”

As Sapnap checked on the progress of his video, a mischievous glint shined in his eyes. “You guys owe me big time...Very, very big time. Very thick and big time – “

“Shut the fuck up!”

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